

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VI. No. 22

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

FEBRUARY 27, 1916

A True Hero.

BY MARTIN SINGER.

MAARTEN SCHUURMAN was walking along the road at the foot of the dyke, together with several schoolmates. His hands were sunk deep in the pockets of his wide woolen trousers, for it was bitter cold. The January east winds had been blowing over Holland for three days and nights, pinching hands and feet and noses, but making young hearts gay, since skating would soon begin. Kees Mantel and Jaab Veer had already ventured out on the canal and were having fine fun coasting. The ice was as smooth as a crystal mirror, and the wooden shoes, hardened by the frost, would glide over it like steel runners. Kees and Jaab would take a little run and then plant their wooden shoes flat on the ice and slide for fifty, sixty, or sometimes a hundred feet at a stretch.

But it was a dangerous sport. The ice was not two inches thick yet. A fall on the hard, slippery surface would not only mean a bump on the head, but it might mean a plunge through the ice into the chilly water.

Maarten and the smaller boys and girls with him on the way to school looked on from the road with admiring eyes.

"Come down on the ice, Maarten," Jaab Veer called from below. "It's lots of fun."

"No, it's dangerous," Maarten replied. "The ice is not strong enough yet." His father had warned him to wait another day.

"It is plenty strong," Jaab argued, and to prove what he said he stamped the ice hard with one foot. "You see," he laughed, and the boys and girls on shore saw a big star in the ice, radiating a myriad of fine cracks criss-crossing in every direction.

Kees and Jaab coasted on, elated with their fun and proud of their daring. Maarten and the others ran along the road to keep up with them and watch them. Not far ahead there stood a house on the east bank of the canal. The wind that howled over and around this house had stirred the water in the canal so persistently that Jack Frost had failed to cover it over until the previous night. Jaab realized the danger of that spot and kept close to the dyke, where the ice was strong enough, but Kees was not so watchful. He took a good run and then slid, fast at first and gradually slower and slower until there was a sharp crackling report, the ice bent, and, plump, the white wooden shoes, the black woolen trousers, the brown jacket, the black woolen cap, and boy and all disappeared under the thin crust of ice.

Jaab brought himself to an abrupt halt and looked blankly at the hole through which his companion had vanished.

"Quick, Jaab," Maarten cried from the



By H. Weston Taylor.

"Then at last Jaab recovered his wits and took hold of Maarten's heels and pulled with all his might toward the dyke."

road, "grab him before he goes farther under the ice. He will drown, sure!"

But Jaab stood immovable. Either he had lost his presence of mind or else he did not have the courage to risk his life in an attempt at rescue.

Maarten coasted down the snow-covered bank on his wooden shoes and woolen trousers, and was on the spot of the accident in an instant. Knowing that the ice would not support the weight of his body if he stood up, he laid himself flat on the ice and wriggled to the hole. Kees was not in sight. Maarten plunged his arm into the cold water and groped around under the ice. Soon he felt an object, which he grabbed and pulled toward the opening. It proved to be an arm, which was soon followed by a head, and Kees was gasping and spluttering above the surface.

The first danger of drowning was now past, but the second looked worse than the first. The canal was ten feet deep or more. The ice was bending dangerously under Maarten as he lay. Should he attempt to raise himself on hand or elbow, he would break his fragile support, and there would be two boys splashing helplessly in the water instead of one. He could not wriggle back and hold onto Kees, too, especially since the latter was now smashing the ice near him in his frantic efforts to climb on top of it.

Then at last Jaab recovered his wits, or his courage, and took hold of Maarten's heels and pulled with all his might toward the dyke. Maarten glided backward safely now,

and pulled Kees with him, who broke the thin ice as he went till he reached the ice that would hold him up. With the assistance of his two rescuers he climbed out and was safe.

The children hurried on to school now, all but Kees, who returned home to beg for dry clothes and explain the accident to his parents as best he could. The school-house stood only a few hundred yards farther. The schoolmaster, being out on the playgrounds, had seen the accident from the distance and came to meet the group of excited children. Upon his inquiry half a dozen voices spoke at once, telling him all about the accident and the rescue, and Jaab Veer spoke the loudest of them all.

"Yes," he cried, "I saved them both. They would have drowned, sure, if I had not pulled them out."

Maarten opened his mouth to say that Jaab did not even have the courage to come near the danger. But he desisted, reflecting that it did not matter, since Kees was rescued anyhow.

The master observed all, and knew his boys well. He laid his hand fondly on Maarten's shoulder and said:

"A true hero does not claim honors, Jaab. He does not care for them."

The Song of the Wind.

BY FLORENCE L. PATTERSON.

WHAT does the wind tell you, dear little lassie,
Rumpling your hair as it hurries along,
Shaking the trees till the leaves start a-dancing;
Think, can you ever remember its song?

Does it whisper to you of the seeds that it carries
To plant all the meadows with flowers so gay,
Of the swamp in the woods where I know that it tarries
To blow all the mists and the badness away?

What does the wind tell you, dear little laddie?
Lifting your kite for its trip to the sky,
Helping the birds on their way to the South-lands,
Chasing the clouds as they gather on high.

Does it tell of the ships that it blows o'er the ocean,
To carry men clothing and food through its power?
Or the sails of the mill that it sets into motion,
To pump up our water and grind up our flour?

Next time the wind comes a-whispering past you,
Listen, it may tell its story to you!
It's friendly and cheerful and always so busy,
Even the wind has the world's work to do.

Gerald's Good Turn.

BY ANNE GUILBERT MAHON.

GERALD came in from school and threw his schoolbag down with a very cross look on his face.

"Miss Arnold is ill," he explained to his mother, "and we had a substitute teacher and we don't like her. She's not a bit like Miss Arnold—and she says Miss Arnold may not be able to come back for a month. If we have that old substitute I just don't want to go to school!"

It was Gerald's first year at school and he thought there was no one like his teacher, Miss Arnold. His mother knew how he felt, but she only said,

"Perhaps your new teacher will be just as nice as Miss Arnold when you get to know her."

"She couldn't be," answered Gerald, emphatically. "There's not another teacher like Miss Arnold anywhere."

"Why don't you like the new one?" asked his mother.

"Well—she doesn't smile like Miss Arnold—and she has such a quick way—and she said when she saw my spelling words, 'That's not your best work.'" Gerald imitated the teacher's tone.

"That shows she's trying to be a good teacher," said his mother.

Gerald's eyes opened.

"She wanted you to do your best work," returned his mother. "That shows she is a good teacher, and, even if she doesn't smile and does speak quickly, she may be a nice teacher. Wait until you know her better."

Gerald looked very doubtful and very sober. Then he started to get out his express wagon for an afternoon's play.

"There's our new teacher now," he exclaimed to his mother, as he dragged the express wagon out the door.

Coming up the street was the slim figure of a young girl, her arms full of books, hurrying along with a somewhat troubled look on her face.

"She has a load to carry," said Mrs. Harris, then she looked directly at Gerald's wagon.

Gerald saw his mother's look. He flushed. "You know the way to do when we don't like any one—do them a good turn," suggested his mother.

Gerald hesitated. The teacher dropped one of the books in her arm. It was hard for her to stoop under her heavy load to pick it up. She looked distressed.

That settled Gerald. He ran over and picked up the book, then he drew up his wagon. "Maybe I could carry your books for you," he said.

The new teacher smiled then and Gerald was surprised to see how kind and pleasant her face was.

"It will be a great help," she answered, and her voice sounded real sweet, not at all curt and sharp. She placed the pile of books in the wagon with a sigh of relief.

"You are one of my boys, aren't you?" she asked.

Gerald nodded as he walked beside her pulling the wagon.

"It's such a big class," she sighed. "I don't know how I'm ever going to remember all the children and all the names."

"I'll help you," offered Gerald, quickly. "The boy with the red hair and the freckles in the front seat is Tom McKeon, and the girl with the long light curls and the blue bow on her hair, who sits back of me, is Elsie

Merritt, and"—he went on with a description of the other scholars.

The teacher laughed pleasantly. "And what is your name?" she asked.

"Gerald Harris," came the prompt answer.

So interested was Gerald in giving the new teacher all the information he could about the class and in the talk they had about the school in general and other things, that he was surprised when they reached the teacher's house.

"Come in a moment; I want to give you a pretty red apple for helping me," she said, smiling.

Gerald blushed. "I don't want any reward. I'm glad I could help you," he murmured.

"I'm sure of that," responded the teacher; "but I want to give you the apple anyway. I do thank you. You've made me feel a great deal better. I felt so discouraged as I walked along and as if the children didn't like me and never would like me. I know they're disappointed about Miss Arnold's being away, but I can't help that. I know I'm not like her, but I'll do the best I can, and I hope the children will like me and we will be friends." She looked real wistful. She was a very young teacher.

"Just wait till they know you," assured Gerald so earnestly that the little teacher smiled happily.

A few minutes later he bounded into his house with his express wagon and the big red apple the teacher had given him.

"Mother, I take it all back," he cried. "She's a dandy! We got just the best friends ever—and I'm going to help her all I can, and tell the other boys and girls how nice she is and get them to help her, too. She is nice even if she isn't just like Miss Arnold."

His mother smiled knowingly.

"Now aren't you glad you did her a good turn?" she asked. "You wouldn't have found out so soon, perhaps, how nice she was, if you hadn't. It's always the way. Whenever you don't like a person, do something for that person, and see if it doesn't end in your liking him and seeing how nice he really is."

"Well, my new teacher's nice—and I'm going to tell the others right away." Gerald ran out to play with the other children and proceeded to carry out his promise.

Going down Street.

BY PEMBERTON H. CRESSEY.

SOME like the sense of a hand quite free,
And some like to swing a cane;
Some choose to wear a close-fitting glove,
And some like the tug of a chain.

But I take something softer than silk,
And smoother than gold-headed toy,
Something more precious than four-footed pet,—
The hand of my three-year-old boy!

Little Broken Lily.

BY MARY E. JACKSON.

CHARLEY FULL-MOON was a "bad Indian," at least that is what Colonel Daggett at the army post said. Dr. Benson said so too; but though he was her uncle and "big medicine man" at the reservation, Sheila did not agree with him. She

had seen Charley Full-Moon go by several times on his big horse, and in spite of his dark, sullen face Sheila had no fear of him. Once he had stopped to water his horse, and Sheila had noticed how gentle he was with his tired animal. He patted the horse's neck as he drank, and Sheila had smiled and so made friends with him.

Little Sheila seldom moved from the big gray doorstone in front of her uncle's house, for she was not able to move about as freely as other children. Sheila was lame. When, some months before, she had recovered from a severe illness, the doctor had sent her from her Eastern city home to visit with her uncle on the wide Western prairies. Already Sheila loved the prairies, the bright grass rippling like an inland sea, the many flowers, the golden dancing sunshine. But she was happy in her own quiet way sitting there on the gray doorstone, and she was getting stronger every day.

One day when the doctor was away from home, Charley Full-Moon stopped at the gate. He had just come from town, and, as was usual after such visits, he looked in a very evil humor.

"Where is Big Medicine Man?" he inquired.

"My doctor-uncle? Oh, he is away," said Sheila.

Charley Full-Moon sat for some minutes in silence. Then he bent low in his saddle and beckoned to Sheila.

"You take ride?" he said.

Sheila did not hesitate. She took the outstretched hand, stepped on the stirrup, and was lifted lightly into the saddle in front of the Indian. Then off they went, bounding over the wide prairie. Sheila laughed with delight and clapped her hands. Farther and farther they went until the houses were left far behind and there was nothing to be seen but grass and sky. There were flowers, too, many of them. Sheila begged Charley to let her stop and pick some, but he only grunted in reply.

They finally halted where a tiny spring bubbled up at the base of an out-jutting rock. While Charley watered his horse, Sheila picked flowers as fast as she could. They were so bright and so plentiful!

Charley Full-Moon turned and saw her limping about among the flowers, and for the first time he saw that she was lame.

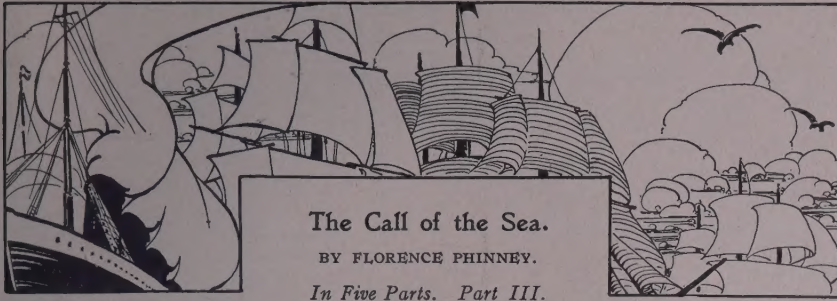
"Little broken lily!" he murmured in his own language, and then somehow the ugly look faded from his face, and, if there had been an ugly purpose in his heart, that died out too.

Sheila came limping towards him, her hands full of flowers.

"I must go home now, Charley," she said. "I promised to hull the berries for supper. But I've had a lovely time. You were good to take me."

Charley Full-Moon took Sheila safely home again. He even stopped and helped her hull the berries.

Many times after that the big Indian stopped to bring flowers for "Little Broken Lily." He often took her to ride, but never again out of sight of the house. Once, he even dressed up in his best Indian finery and painted his face with "war-paint" just to amuse her. Dr. Benson watched and said nothing. He saw the changed look in the Indian's face, he saw that the visits to the town saloon had ceased, and he began to believe that in some wonderful way, friendly, trusting little Sheila was making a "good Indian" of Charley Full-Moon.



The Call of the Sea.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

In Five Parts. Part III.

Drawing by Julia Daniels.

"I WONDER," mused Fran a day or two after, as she turned away from the window with a troubled look on her young face. "I wonder what is the matter with Tom. I never knew him to moon about this way before. He doesn't take any interest in anything, and he stays up there at the camp with Eben and that Rick Dale all day."

"Tom is taking his vacation," smiled Anna. "I wouldn't worry, Fran. It is natural he should prefer the companionship of other boys and young men to ours part of the time."

Fran was not entirely satisfied. "I wish father was at home," she said. "I don't think Rick Dale is the kind of a young man he would like."

"Tom admires him, and so do I," Floss confessed coolly. "It was splendid the way he put out that fire. You don't like him, Fran, because he told Tom I am prettier than you, and said that Anna is better-looking than either of us."

"Just as if I cared about that! It was impertinent for him to say anything about our looks, but he told the truth for once, Miss Vanity. He smells of tobacco. Ugh!"

"He won't make Tom smoke, I know. Don't worry, Fran," Anna said again. "He will go away next week. We can't always keep Tom from meeting temptations. A young man like that won't influence him long."

If Anna could have heard the conversation going on at that very moment in the sugar camp, she might have agreed with Fran, after all. Rick had been explaining for the twentieth time just how he tied the two pails to the clothes-line, and how he reached the barn from the tree. The boys had learned the secret of the knots, but so far their experiments in tree-climbing had been failures.

"You have to learn such things young," Rick told them. "The kids in the coast villages practise from the time they begin to walk."

"Do you mean that Eben and I are too old to learn to be sailors," cried Tom, appalled.

"No," Rick admitted dubiously; "not if you begin soon. Next year you might be too old, though."

He gave a quick, covert glance at Tom's startled face, as he strolled about the room, whistling as usual. "Suppose we go out to the big elm and try that again, boys," he suggested; "I sha'n't be here many days longer."

"Do you know just the day your ship sails?" Tom asked as the three went out together.

"I got my letter last night. She's due to sail the tenth, that's Wednesday."

"I am going with you," Tom said doggedly; "that is," he added, "if you can get me a chance."

Rick did not seem as surprised as Tom expected. "Perhaps I can," he admitted, "but what will your father say about it?"

"I sha'n't tell him. See here, Rick, a man's got to choose his own way in the world in spite of his father; isn't it so?"

"I suppose so; I begun as young as you."

"Don't you do it, Tom," cried Eben, suddenly. "What do you want to go to sea for? You can't go, anyway, till after we play that ball game with the Wood's Corner crowd."

"You shut up, youngster," his uncle promptly snubbed him; "you're jealous; that's what's the matter with you."

"I think Tom ought to wait and ask his father," Eben persisted, enjoying this unusual opportunity of correcting his steady-going friend.

"I can't afford to wait, Eben," Tom explained. "I've got to begin now. I know it isn't treating father just right, but what can I do? If I do as he says I shall waste years working on this farm, and then other years in college learning things I never shall have any use for. What's the use? Rick can teach me the things I really ought to know, now."

Rick was flattered. He never had received half the admiration that he felt was his due from the other sailors on the "Southern Star." They had even named him "The Lubber," in recognition of his youth and general lack of experience. He had tried to induce his nephew to go with him on the coming voyage, knowing that another boy was wanted by the captain, and thinking it would be pleasant to have a young mate to share the hazing as well as the work that would otherwise fall to his share. But Eben's mother had been too strong for him.

It was finally settled that Tom should say nothing to his sisters, but should leave a letter to explain his departure if Rick's captain was willing to employ him.

Tom lived the next few days in a kind of walking dream. He never had kept a secret from his sisters before. His conscience, too, troubled him, although not as much as it should have, perhaps. Our full obligation to others is one of the things we none of us realize at thirteen. His whole mind and fancy was filled, drowned in thoughts of the great sea, the wonderful ocean that he never had seen.

There came a time when Tom found himself, with Rick by his side, walking the streets of a strange town. He had left his old life behind without spoken farewells, with certain heart-aches and conscience-pricks as he thought of his father and his sisters; but on the whole he was not sorry yet. Life at first hand, that wonderful lure we call adventure, was opening like a door in a wall before him. The queer smell of the sea was in his nostrils.

"Down this way," Rick cried, leading him

through a row of dilapidated sheds; "there! Now, look!"

Tom saw the spars of a great ship; the green water lapping around its hull, and under the slippery wharves; the sailors with their strange, speculative gaze—one was in the rigging, calmly doing something to a sail. And out through a lane of tangled shipping, schooners, little excursion steamers, and motor boats, Tom could just see a brilliant line of wonderful blue. He looked and his soul cried out like Xenophon's exiled Greeks: "The sea! The sea!"

(To be continued.)

Beaver Dreams.

BY BEULAH RECTOR.

IN a lodge of mud and sticks,
Dozing in the dark,
Eating through the winter
Stored-up poplar bark,
Hearing only muffled sounds,
Seeing naught of sky,
Beaver folk are dreaming
Of the By and By:

Of a time when lilies gleam
On their little rafts of green;
When it's warm and sunny June
And they bask on logs at noon;
But the dearest dream of all—
Spring means rambling until fall!

The Manx Cat.

THE Isle of Man, like all countries with an ancient history, abounds in fascinating legends. There are several legends in regard to the origin of the Manx cat. One of these I have woven into a little rhyme:

'Twas time to close the ark's great door,
And Noah said, "Now let me see!
Are they all in?—the tiger, bear,
The panther, dog, and chimpanzee,

"Lion and wolf and elephant,
Leopard and fox? Are they all in?
If so, I'll shut the door at last
And our long journey we'll begin."

But just as Noah slammed the door,
Preparing for the ocean sail,
The cat from mousing came in late.
Alas! the door cut off her tail!

Puss from the window jumped and ran,
Was rescued, loudly purred her thanks,
She landed on the Isle of Man
And ever after was called Manx!

ALICE J. CLEATOR,
in *Farm and Fireside*.

It Wobbled.

TOMMY was at tea with his mother, when she suddenly noticed that he was eating his apple jelly with his teaspoon.

"Tommy dear," she reproved him, "you shouldn't eat your jelly with a spoon."

"But, mummy, I must!" replied the youngster, firmly.

"No, dear, you must not. Put it on your bread."

"I did put it on my bread, mummy," explained Tommy, promptly. "But it won't stay there; it's too nervous."

Liverpool Post.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



We now have a supply of Beacon Club buttons made from a new design. This button will be sent to all new members, and to any of our present members who will tell us of their wish to have one and send a two-cent stamp.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

Of the twelve interesting letters received from members of the Unitarian Sunday school in Jamestown, N.Y., we can print but two, but these tell us much of the good work that is being carried on in that school. May the new *Beacon Club* grow and prosper!

JAMESTOWN, N.Y.,
58 Franklin Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. We have a little club which is called the Beacon Club because we work enigmas. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school every Sunday, and I receive a *Beacon*. Our minister is Mr. Taylor. We like him very much. The Beacon Club of the Unitarian Sunday school cleared at the fair \$11.97.

My class has eight girls and my teacher is Miss Wood. The boys made picture puzzles, and the girls and boys made a quilt. We made scrap books which we sold at the fair. We planted about three hundred tulip bulbs. And we planted some hyacinth bulbs or each one to take home.

Your friend,
GRETA SUNDHOLM.

JAMESTOWN, N.Y.,
77 Fairmont Ave.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am in the fourth grade in school. I am nine years old.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, and am in Miss Wood's class. There are eight girls in our class. Miss Wood gave us each a silk handkerchief for Christmas.

May I belong to your Beacon Club? We have a little Beacon Club in the parlor in church, on every other Saturday afternoon. This is the first time I have been at our Beacon Club for the whole meeting, because I had to take my music lesson.

I have no sister or brother; when I was little I wanted a brother, but Dr. Morris said he had only colored babies. I wanted a white one.

Good-bye,
Your little friend,
GERTRUDE M. LAYLOCK.

From the Editor to You.

Stars. There are wonderful sights to be seen in the skies just now on clear evenings. Four of the large planets are visible. Many of our child readers know that planets are worlds something like our own. They travel round the sun, just as the earth does. They shine by reflecting the sun's light. They are brighter than most of the fixed stars, which are suns, because they are so much nearer to us.

Soon after the sun sets, when it is fairly dark, you may see Venus, a great light in the western sky. Higher up is another star which rivals it in brilliance, the huge planet Jupiter. These are likely to be the first stars to appear when it begins to grow dark, though Sirius, a fixed star farther south, may be seen almost as soon.

When it is dark enough for the sky to be quite alight with stars, Mars and Saturn may be found. They are more nearly overhead and farther east. The stars grouped together in Leo look like a sickle; Mars is the large red star which makes the others look faint and dim. In Gemini (the twins) you may find the yellow star which is the

The other members of this Club who have written us are Elizabeth Kiley, Lily Mansergh, Dolores Mabey, Bessie Marsh, Foster Root, Marion Sinclair, Herbert Sundholm, Mary Sundholm, Edna May Waddington, and H. Janette Wilcox.

CASTINE, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, and it is one of the largest in the state.

My teacher is Miss Davenport. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I like them very much. I am nine years old. I am in the fifth grade. I wish to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours sincerely,
ESTHER PARKER.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.,
43 Prospect Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—My great-grandpa, my grandpa, and my papa were all Unitarians so of course I am one too. I go to the Roslindale Unitarian church and Miss Webb is my Sunday school teacher. Please may I belong to the Beacon Club?

Yours faithfully,
ELEANOR C. HILL.

SANVILLE, VA.

Dear Miss Buck,—A friend has sent mama a roll of *The Beacon* papers and I have just been reading the little stories and the letters to the Club also. I like them fine and thought I would write a letter, although I don't see any letters from the country and don't know whether you will accept one from me or not. I go to school and like to study. I like the country. I don't know much about the city. We are having a very mild winter so far, although we had some real cold days and some snow. I would like to correspond with some one near my age. I am twelve years old.

Yours sincerely,
LILLIE R. TURNER.

Lillie's sister, Janie, eleven years old, also writes that she likes *The Beacon* "splendid."

Would not some of our girls like to write to these two little Southern girls?

planet Saturn. If you can get some one who knows the constellations (as the star groups are called) to point these out to you, you can easily see these planets. Why not look for them yourself, even if you have no one to help you? Whether you find the planets or not (you will be almost certain to be sure of two out of the four), you will see much that will be well worth your while. As you look at the multitude of stars so far away and the depths of space behind them, you will know what our Bible means when it says "The heavens declare the glory of God."

For Religious Training in the Home.

A COMMITTEE from the Unitarian Sunday School Society is desirous of obtaining information of books, stories, songs, pictures, and any material, found helpful from experience in the religious training of children in the home. Every parent or guardian having knowledge of the existence of such material is earnestly requested to put the committee on the track of it by notifying the chairman of the committee, Charles T. Billings, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 6, 14, 20, 7, 13, is a grain.
My 1, 2, 21, 20, 17, is a girl's name.
My 9, 14, 11, 2, 9, is something you wear.
My 18, 22, 7, 9, 9, is something you use when you drink.
My 9, 3, 23, 10, is something we have in winter.
My 24, 4, 23, 17, 18, is not right.
My 12, 5, 2, is a grain.
My 8, 16, 18, is an animal.
My 19, 15, 23, 24, 20, 4, is something pleasing to the eye.
My whole is a well-known poet.

HAZEL W. FISHER.

ENIGMA XLIX.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 12, 6, 9, 13, is something to carry water in.
My 1, 2, 7, 4, 8, 6, 3, 5, is a word meaning faithful.
My 10, 11, 8, 14, is a small letter.
My whole is a city in Turkey.

MARGUERITE BROOKS.

ACROSTIC.

Fill the blanks in these sentences with words that have only four letters, then write them one below the other and see what words the first letters will make.

1. There were a lot of apples on the little — this year.
2. "I want you to come — early to-night."
3. Her — troubled her so she couldn't go to the moving pictures.
4. As soon as they heard the — playing they ran down.
5. "Was it — who brought me this book?"
6. She wasn't — to go to the play after all.
7. "I'm not going to — on her to-day."
8. "We haven't been to ride but — this week."
9. "I can't use my — so will have to use my mouth."

MILDRED H. LANMAN.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in dashing and also in dare,
My second is in special and also in rare,
My third is in bride and also in rein,
My fourth is in ditches and also in drain,
My fifth is in woman and also in man,
My sixth is in cannot and also in can,
My seventh is in seven and also in eight,
My eighth is in platter and also in plate,
My ninth is in smallest and also in least,
My tenth is in western and also in east,
My eleventh is in several and also in such,
My whole is a channel you've heard of much.

Young Days.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 20.

ENIGMA XLIII.—Great Britain.
ENIGMA XLIV.—Saint Valentine.
ENIGMA XLV.—Thomas Alva Edison.
A GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Bothwell (Both well).
WORD SQUARE.—S O N
O N E
N E W

THE BEACON

Issued weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, inclusive



PUBLISHED BY
The BEACON PRESS, Inc.
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

May also be secured from
104 E. 20th St., New York
105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago
162 Post St., San Francisco

Subscription Price: Single subscriptions, 50 cents. In packages to schools, 40 cents

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail matter

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON